Haſt. His grace lookes chearefully and ſmooth to day,
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſe hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Marry that with no man heere he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewde it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay.

Enter Gloceſter.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diueliſh plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild?
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death,
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord.
Glo. If thou *Protector* of this damned ſtrumpet.
Telſt thou me of iffs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head: Now by Saint *Paul*,
I will not dine to day I ſwere,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Haſt. Wo, wo, for *England*, not a whit for me. *Ca. with Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue prenented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I diſdaind it and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth Horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As

As loth to beare me to the ſlaug
Oh now I warrant the Prieſt th
I now repent I told the Purſui
As twere triumphing at mine e
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace
Oh *Margret*, *Margret*, now th
Is lightned on poore *Haſtings*
Cat. Diſpatch my Lord, the D
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of
Which we more hunt for, then
Who builds his hopes in the a
Liues like a drunken ſayler on
Ready with euery nod to tum
Into the fatall bowels of the d
Come leade me to the blocke
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly

Enter Duke of Gloceſter, and

Glo. Come couſen, canſt thou
Murder thy breath in middle o
And then begin againe and ſto
As if thou wert deſtract and
Buc. Tut feare not me,
I can counterfeit the deepe Tr
Speake and looke backe and
Intending deepe ſuſpition gaſ
Are at my ſeruice like enforſ
And both are ready in their
To grace my ſtratagems.
Glo. Here comes the Maior
Buc. Let me alone to entertai
Glo. Looke to the draw-bri
Buc. The reaſon we haue ſeu
Glo. Catesby ouer-looke the
Buc. Harke, I heare a drum
Glo. Looke backe defend th
Buc. God and our innocenc
Glo. O, O, be quiet it is *Cat*

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